THE

Honeſt JURY;

OR,

CALEB Triumphant.

A NEW

BALLAD.

To the Tune of PACKINGTON'S POUND.

For *twelve honeſt Men* have determin'd his Cauſe,
And reſcu'd from *Quibbles* our old *Engliſh Laws*.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, and ſold by the Bookſellers and Pamphletſellers. Price 4*d*. 1729.

THE

Honeſt JURY;

1601/403.

OR,

CALEB Triumphant.

A NEW

BALLAD.

To the Tune of PERKINSTON's Pound.

For twelve long Years have determin'd his Cauſe,
And reaſt from Age with our old Engliſh Laws.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, and Sold by the Booksellers and Pamphlet-Men. 1720.

A NEW

BALLAD

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

REjoyce ye good Writers, your Pens are set free,
Your *Thoughts* and the *Press* are at full Liberty;
For your *King* and your *Country* you safely may write,
You may say *black is black*, and prove that *white is white*:
Let no *Pamphleteers*
Be *concern'd* for their *Ears*,
For ev'ry Man now shall be try'd by his *Peers*.
Twelve good honest Men shall decide in each Cause,
And be Judges of *Fact*, though not Judges of *Laws*.

'Tis

II.

'Tis ſaid Maſter *Caleb* a Paper did print,
Which ſometimes at *ſome Folks* look'd ſlyly a-ſquint;
He weekly held forth of *no Peace* and *no War*,
So was forc'd from his *Trade* to appear at the *Bar*.
Thus for talking too free
Maſter *Aſtor* ——— *ney*
Strain'd his Lungs for to ſet him in the *Pillory*:
But Pillories now ſhall be rais'd for the Shame
Of *ſome Rogues*, as yet, 'tis not proper to name.

III.

You may call the Man *fool*, who in Treaties does blunder.
And may ſtile him a Knave, who his Country doth plunder;
If the *Peace* be not good, it can ne'er be a Crime
To wiſh it were better, in Proſe or in Rhime;
For Sir *Ph* —— *p* well knows
That *Innuendoes*
Will ſerve him no longer in Verſe or in Proſe,
For *twelve honeſt Men* have decided the Cauſe
And were Judges of *Fact*, though not Judges of *Laws*.

IV.

Twelve Judges there are and *twice twelve Aldermen*,
Many *Lords*, many *Members*, and *Biſhops* — What then?
Although you ſhould travel all *England* around,
Amongſt them *twelve honeſter* cannot be found,
Than this ſame *Ju* — *ry*
Which ſet *Caleb* free,
And brought in their Verdict *he was not Guilt* — *y*
Then let theſe *honeſt Men*, who do pay Scot and Lot,
While Ballads are Ballads, be never forgot.

This

V.

This Jury ſo truſty and Proof againſt *Rhino*,
I am apt to believe to be *Jure Divino*;
But 'tis true in this Nation (oh! Why is it ſo?)
Men the honeſter are as the lower you go.
So a Fiſh, when 'tis dead,
I have often heard ſaid,
May be ſweet at the *Tail*, tho' it ſtinks at the *Head*.
Oh! may Honeſty *riſe* and confound the baſe Tribe,
Who will be corrupted by *Penſion* or *Bribe*.

VI.

A *Jury* there was, when the *Pope* was in Power,
That brought out *Seven Biſhops* alive from the *Tower*,
They ſav'd our Religion from *Jacobite* Fury,
Both *that* and *King George* then we owe to a Jury.
So thoſe that brought out
The *Biſhops* — No doubt,
Brought in our King *George* who's ſo gallant and ſtout,
Then ſure 'tis the Int'reſt of *Country* and *King*,
That *Juries* ſhould never be led in a String.

VII.

Thus far honeſt *Duncan* hath propheſy'd right,
And prov'd himſelf bleſs'd with the true *Second-Sight*,
Who tho' *deaf* and *dumb*, in Aſtrology famous
As *Partridge*, *Poor Robin*, or old *Noſtradamus*,
Did lately divine
That *Caleb* ſhould ſhine
And prevail o'er his Foes in the Year *twenty-nine*,
For *twelve honeſt Men* have determin'd his Cauſe,
And reſcu'd from Quibbles our old *Engliſh Laws*.

VIII.

But one Thing remains his Prædictions to crown,
And that is to ſee the *Leviathan* down;
Nor let us deſpair, for the Year is not out,
And a Month or two more may bring it about.
When in *Chorus* let's ſing
And ſay God bleſs the *King*,
And grant that all *thoſe* who deſerve it may *ſwing*.
If *twelve honeſt Men* were to judge in this Cauſe,
One *good Verdict* more might ſecure all our *LAWS*.

FINIS.